

Nebraska Advertiser.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1874.

VOL. 18.—NO. 39.

WOMEN AND WINE.

BY MARY ELLIOTT DALLAS.

What a gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne,
As the light of day that was dawning,
He called up his goblets again,
And the best toast he could give was,
"Woman, dear woman," said he;
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your strong brown hair."

But she caught his strong brown hair,
And held them tight as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her fond voice fell on his ear,
"Say, are you drunk, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Picture a woman in her tear-drops,
Nearer by far than in wine."

By the wine of the drunkard's mother,
By the children who beg for bread,
By the wife of her husband who loves her,
By the kisses changed to curses,
By tears more bitter than wine,
By a woman's heart broken,
By a woman in wine.

"What has been brought to woman?
Such a torn and pale face,
How torn from her heart her lover,
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household gods all scattered,
Lying tangled up in the wine,
Oh! picture, picture to woman
In the wine of so many, wine."

From the National Baptist.
THE PAVANE INDIANS.

BY FRED. T. J. MORGAN.

The Indians of Nebraska are all under the control of the "Northern White" with Barclay White at the head. There are now the remnants of six tribes; the Omahas and Winnebagoes are near together in the northeastern part of the State, on the Missouri river; the Santee Sioux are in the northern part, on the Niobrara river; the Iowas are in the southeastern part of the State; the Otoes are west of these on the southern border of the State; the Pawnees are in the central part of the State. I have just returned from a two days' visit to this tribe, and will give a brief account of the visit.

The land allotted to them consists of a tract thirty miles in length by fifteen in width. It is divided into two unequal parts by the "Loup" river running through it from southeast to northeast. It lies north of the Platte from six to twenty miles, and south of the Elk Horn, a little more than a hundred miles west of the Missouri river. It is, in the main, a good body of land, mostly prairie, well watered by the Loup, Beaver, Elm and other streams along which are considerable bodies of timber. The Indians occupy only the extreme eastern part of the reserve, near Beaver Creek, not far from Loup Fork.

They were gathered on to this reservation in 1867. The tribe numbers now two thousand three hundred, divided into four bands: the Skeedee, Kikahok, Chovvee and Petalashov. Each band has four chiefs, and six soldiers or policemen. One old man claims to be the head chief of the tribe, but his claim is not recognized, and the several bands live very much apart, the Skeedees living in a separate village, but, so far as I could learn, are not very free in their intercourse with each other.

The villages are not laid out in streets, have no regularity except a uniformity in the structure of the lodges and in their location—all opening toward the east.

The lodges are circular in shape, from twenty to forty feet in diameter, and perhaps from four feet at the edge to fifteen, in height. The walls are composed of dirt, the roof consists of poles, resting on posts planted in the ground, interwoven with brush, and covered with dirt. The door-way is a long, low, narrow passage-way open at the outer end and closed within by a blanket or buffalo robe. There are no windows; the fire is made in an excavation, hollowed out of the center of the lodge, and the smoke escapes, that is, part of it, through an opening made in the roof. The floor is the ground, pounded hard but not smooth, swept with brush brooms and sometimes partly covered with matting. Their beds are platforms constructed of poles, brush or boards, raised twenty inches from the ground covered with matting and robes. Seats have none, except an occasional box or pillow. Most of them sit or recline on the ground, circled about the fire when the weather is cold. Their hands, no tables, but eat with their hands, from the pans and pots. Their cooking is of the most primitive style of boiling, baking, roasting, frying. I saw four whole sides of beef ribs suspended over a blazing fire in the midst of the flames, smoke, and ashes.

Almost the entire labor is performed by the women. We remonstrated with one chief who stood idly by while one squaw unloaded wood from a wagon, and two others cut it ready for the fire, telling him that white women were not allowed to do such work. "They do not know how," was his surly reply in his vernacular.

Their food is limited: they raise a little corn, and receive a little flour, sugar, coffee, and beef from the government, or at least some has been issued to them this winter. The wild game, buffaloes, deer, etc., have become so limited as not to be any longer depended on. Their clothing is scant and poor, buffalo robes and blankets being the chief articles. In the summer the children go without clothing, and now, mid winter, I saw in the lodges numerous children naked, and several men who had only the fig leaf apron—modernized—to cover them. There is some sense of

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The old Buildings—Pawbrokers—An Incident—Big Buildings—Temperance—Trinity—To Ladies—Parlor Artillery.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

New York, March 23, 1874.

THE OLD BUILDINGS.

There is no city in the world that has better or worse buildings than New York. The buildings of recent date are commodious, airy, and supplied with ventilation and the other requisites for health and life. But those dating back thirty years in the time past of the city are fearful. These houses are hives, swarming with people, and possessing absolutely no conveniences. Imagine the condition of a house twenty feet wide, sixty feet deep, and six stories high, in the center of a block, with openings only in the front and rear! In which are packed ten large families in the upper five stories, and imagine the condition of the people who live in them! In one such house twenty cases of typhoid fever occurred in three months. Philanthropists have in this wide field for effort. The crying necessity of New York is for houses that can be rented cheaply, and that furnish light, air and water, and in which cleanliness is a possibility.

And writing of poverty and tenement houses, what springs so naturally to the point of one's pen as PAWNBROKERS,

who are a queer set and drive a queer business. The pawnbroker is a man who lends money on short time on collateral security. Are you a widow and is your boy sick? You take a shawl to Moses, and he advances you about one-fourth its value at a tremendous rate of interest, 25 per cent per annum. This supply goes, your best dress, your extra pair of shoes, your wedding ring, your bible, and finally your bed. He takes them all, for they are all saleable. You get a ticket for each article, and if you come within a year and redeem them all right; if not, at the end of a year they are sold. Inside one of these shops you will see a satin dress hanging ticketed beside a calico skirt, shoes, bibles, revolvers, musical instruments, tools, clocks, kettles, skates, every species of portable property under Heaven, side by side. But in the big hall in the back room, you would, if you could get a peep there, see other kinds of property. You would see diamonds, costly jewelry and silver plate. For the poor are not Shylock's only customers. Madame, on Fifth Avenue, has spent more for dress than her pressed husband can afford, and she does not ask him for money. The obsequious dress maker shows her that her diamonds can be easily removed from their settings, and bogus stones, that an expert could hardly tell from the genuine, put in at a trifling cost. Then Moses or Simon will be glad to advance her what money she needs on the genuine stones. This she does, paying a ruinous interest, and trying to save money enough out of her allowance to redeem them. And then ruined men find these shops a convenient place to get temporary aid on jewels with which they do not wish to part. For this class of customers there is a private side entrance.

Speaking of removing genuine diamonds and supplying their place with paste, reminds me of a little incident that excited the risibles of the fashionable only two weeks ago. A lady on Fifth Avenue had got into trouble. She had purchased thousand dollar dresses, and thousand dollar furs, and thousand dollar things generally, till her bill footed up to a sum total that her husband was not able to pay. She was frightened. Her husband had asked her for money, and what was she to do? She had diamonds to the value of \$15,000. She took these rings and bracelets and things, and hid her to a jeweler's who reset them with imitation stones that looked just as well as the genuine, and on the genuine stones she raised the money to relieve her wants.

In the meantime the husband had lost money at gambling, and had "debts of honor which must be paid." How was he to get it? His wife's diamonds! Capital! One morning he slipped them in his pocket and went to a jeweler's.

"Can you take stones out of jewels and replace them with imitation?"

"Certainly."

"What would these be worth—rather than what would you advance on them?" said he, pulling out the sparkles.

The jeweler looked at them and looked up.

"About \$1500!"

"\$1500? Why they cost \$15,000."

"The originals doubtless did. We have the originals in our safe. We took them out two weeks ago, and put in these paste ones."

The gentleman gave a prolonged whistle, and put them in his pocket and walked out.

There was doubtless a scene at his house. Doubtless he demanded why Madame, his wife, had pawned her jewels, and doubtless she wanted to know how he came to know it. How it was settled never will be known.

The pawnbrokers are all shrewd fellows. They not only know the exact value of every kind of personal property, but they know exactly what it will bring at auction.

THE THIEVES.

use the pawnbrokers. If the thief has stolen a watch or table linen, or

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Such has been the rapid growth of the order of Patrons of Husbandry that politicians, both of this country and Europe, as it were, stand aghast. Many are asking what it means. In this banding together of honest men of both parties, those who have been political leaders, trimmers and plunderers, see very much to become alarmed at it. It is said by Republicans that the success of the farmers' movement will be the death of the Republican party. And it is said, also, by Democrats, that the success of the Grangers means the dissolution of Democracy. Well, what then? may well be asked, and the answer would naturally be this: the Republican party can afford to die after it has so well kept faith with the favored classes! The Democratic party had better dissolve if it cannot defend Democracy, and all who live by labor, so that they may earn an honest living. If the Republican party had kept faith with the plow-owners and the people generally there would be no necessity for any political organization or party. If the Democratic party, as an organization, cannot, will not or dare not stand assunder from those corruptionists, monopolists, usurers, tyrants, lechers of unjust taxes, and all other plunderers, so in favor with the powers that compose the administration, and compare in sympathy with the people all over the land, we pray God that it may never succeed.

Our Democracy is only of that kind which protects the people, the poor and the rich alike; and not of the kind which builds up the walls and lines which protect classes and monopolies at the expense of honor, patriotism, fair dealing, and deserving industry. When parties become corrupt the people are robbed. But when parties are pure, then the people are protected. Our faith is in the people more than in parties; and only in the party which protects the people the best. Herein is the foundation of that which is Democracy. When the voice of the majority is uplifted to remedy evils, protect the industrious and encourage everything that leads to general prosperity it should be heard. But this is not always the case, but is the voice of interest and should not be heard. For years the farmers of this country have been robbed in a shameful manner. Men who have supported themselves by labor have given their ballots to political beggars and trimmers, till the law-making power as found in legislative halls, has become but a foul nest from which are hatched all manner of viperous, ulcerous enactments. The Patrons of Husbandry are working to benefit themselves. They have a right to demand a law to benefit themselves, just as much as has the bond-holder or the capitalist of any kind. But neither have a right to buy legislation, but have the right to punish the man who sells his vote or voice to the injury of any one. The laws of this country, in many instances, are unjust; law-makers are corrupt; society is terribly demoralized; drunkenness, rottenness and extravagance are on the increase. The rich are enriched, and the poor made poorer by the present system of American legislation. Men who have money buy legislation for their benefit. The Patron of Husbandry joins hands with his neighbor to demand that laws shall not be sold to the highest bidder. We say they have a right, and it is their duty to do this, and to compel their law-makers to be honest. The plow-holder has a right to punish his enemies and to reward his friends, and the people will hail with joy the evidence of a better time coming when politicians will be afraid of the people and come to understand that whenever they do not work for the interests of the people their punishment will be swift and sure.

Parties are in duty bound to protect the people in their effort to build up a country, and so are the people bound to come together, show their capacity, express their wants and show a willingness to harmonize and benefit each other, and that party alone will grow strong which will ignore policy and do the most to protect the people.

Glen Rock, Neb.

HOW THEY MAKE A CHIEF JUSTICE.

[Mr. Clemens Ames in the Independent.]

Sitting in the Supreme Court-room seems to be more conducive to sobriety and sleep than to longevity. It is the only sleepy spot in the Capitol. Its doors are muffled, its carpet velvet and padded; its atmosphere is stilted, and the lawyers who plead before the Supreme Bench never lift their voices above a conversational tone, while I never heard a Justice speak loud enough to be understood at all outside of the bar. While in deep tones, which seem to strike the earth, he reads from a manuscript or a heavy tome, all his Associate Justices sit with bent heads or closed eyes. It is a meditative scene, and a somnolent one, notwithstanding the glowing light which filters down through the crimson curtains upon the snowy walls and on the built-up seats of the dead Justices, mounted on brackets, and upon the cushioned seats of old mahogany—and those who sit on them to look and to frown. From that low gallery above the seats of the Justices the bell of generations gone—Dolly Madison, Martha Jefferson Randolph, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Cora Livingston, and how many others—once looked down. Here Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Hayne poured out their arguments and their eloquence. Here only last May, the last Chief Justice, crowned and covered with flowers, lay in the state of death—cold, silent and alone.

"The King is dead! Long live the king!" We come to-day not to crown, but to behold his successor.

Well, he has a much stronger face than that borne by the last two Chief Justices. The most remarkable fact in it is the immense capacity of all the avenues to the brain, to say nothing of the one which leads straight to the stomach. The ears, nose and mouth are of remarkable extent. The head is massive, at once high and broad. The nose has a bridge that would find it a very hard task to break down, while it carries a proboscis long and tending downward, such as is always seen on roosting animals. A man with such an end to his nose will dig to the bottom, if he digs at all. It is at once the nose of wisdom, power and success. What a contrast to the nasal member of the last Chief Justice. Chase had majesty of form and mien, a really imperial presence, a grand head, great at its base and lofty in its frontal dome; he had a countenance, as we see it in his earlier portraits, of distinguished beauty—clear, expressive eyes, a classical mouth and chin; but in the center of all was set an inconspicuous nose—the nose of a man who could project but couldn't consummate. His plan of life was large, his ambition boundless. He commanded other men to execute what he designed. As all must who leave to others that which they should carry out to success, he failed of what to him was the final triumph.

At 12 o'clock noon the chief of the Supreme Court, advancing before them, shouted, "O, yes! O, yes! Make way for the Honorable the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court!" Then all the members of the bar within the circle arose, and the Justices, in out-flowing black, silk robes, preceded by the Marshal of the court, marched into the Supreme Court-room, the new Chief Justice last. The Justices took their usual seats on the "Supreme Bench," while Mr. Waite sat down near the desk of the Clerk, who immediately opened the court with the famous "O, yes! O, yes!" when he proceeded to read the commission of the new Chief Justice. Then Mr. Waite arose and read in a clear voice the following oath:

"I, Morrison R. Waite, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeably to the Constitution of the United States. So help me God."

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Who could realize it all as he sat down in it in a perfectly matter-of-course way? Well, perhaps he never could him a struggle. Maybe he is one of the rare men who work for the occasion, without thought of it or of fame; and at last the occasion came because he was prepared for it and had not sought it. Scarcely of medium size, the new Chief Justice seemed about to sink out of sight in his new black robe. With apparent effort he arose to the surface.

"Only think, thirty yards of silk to make just that robe!" exclaimed Medina.

"It takes thirty yards to make you a suit, Medina, to be worn out in a year. The Chief Justice's robe may last his life-time."

Plainly not an example of man's extravagance; that lies chiefly in the direction of his mouth.

As Chief Justice Waite turned his head, there was on his countenance an expression strangely like Lincoln's. You see it in the long upper lip, and in his half-sad, half-smiling lines of the wide mouth.

DOMESTIC.

GESTATION OF COWS.—I know that if farmers would keep notes of what they do, it would less frequently be asked why their cows do not present them with calves after going nine months. They know that the time is nine and one-half months or two hundred and eighty-four days.

FOR MAKING BLACK INK.—Take a clean kettle and put in it five quarts of rain water; put it on the fire and let it come to a boil; then add three ounces of the extract of logwood; stir it until it dissolves; then add one-eighth of an ounce of the bi-chromate of potash; when it is dissolved it is fit for use.

TREE PLANTING.—This it is well not to delay any longer than to have the ground in a suitable condition to work easily. All the theories to the contrary, which are frequently thrust forward in the newspapers, do not make early planting of all kinds of trees, evergreen as well as deciduous, any the less important. A hundred large evergreen trees around my house were planted so early in the spring that some frozen ground was found when digging the holes; but not one died, although there were plenty of woe-worers who said, "Evergreens do better when planted late in spring."

Rural New Yorker.

INFANTILE CONUNDRUMS.

EARNEST'S TWILIGHT TALK.

"Mamma, how did baby find the right way from the angel's home that summer day?"

Said little Earnie at bedtime, As he nestled close Down by my side.

"Did God send her soul On a silver cloud Did he call to you So very loud Here's a baby dear For you to love, Coming down from heaven Like a gentle dove?"

"I think an angel Came just before, To show the baby Our parents' door, Oh, say, mamma, dear, Did you hear her sing, And then let her Dear little baby in?"

"And did she have wings When she came that day That you've taken off And put away? Did the angel tell you To lay them by, Till God should call her Again on high?"

"If I hear him call her I'll quickly say, Dear heavenly Father, Oh! please let her stay! You've babies enough In your heaven above, And we're only one Little sister to love!"

GRANGERS AND POLITICS.

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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

There are about 1800 granges in Missouri.

In Nodaway county, Mo., many hogs are dying of lung disease. The rewards offered for the Gads Hill train robbers amount to \$17,500. Everything is very favorable for a large fruit crop in Missouri this year.

Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote have been elected to Parliament without opposition.

Geo. R. Downing, agent of Adams Express Co., Providence, R. I., suicided on the 17th inst.

A special dispatch to the London Daily News, from Central Asia, represents that anarchy reigns in Khiva.

The Mayor of Carthage, Mo., has donated five acres of land within the city limits, for the location of a farmers' agricultural implement factory.

Near Monticello, Mo., recently, Jas. Myers killed his father G. W. Myers, with a hatchet. The patrie was said to be in self defense.

It cost the Bank of England \$46,000 to pursue and prosecute the parties who committed the frauds on the bank some time ago.

Recently at Hamilton, Mo., H. S. Sprout suicided by hanging. His wife and two children at the time were on a visit in Iowa.

H. A. Holmes, of Louisville, Ky., committed suicide on the 17th inst., by shooting his brains out with a pistol. Family troubles.

It has been learned that the Catholic See of Milwaukee is to be raised to an Archbishopric, and that Bishop Henl will be promoted to the Archbishopship.

At Grand Island, Neb., on the 17th inst., two prisoners in the county jail surprised and knocked the jailer down, handcuffed and locked him up in a cell, and leisurely made their escape.

The President has sent the following nomination to the Senate: Jas. W. Steele, of Kansas, Consul to Matanzas, Cuba, and S. D. Atkins, postmaster at Freeport, Ill.

A committee from New Orleans, on the 17th, presented President Grant a picture of himself of heroic size on horseback. Senator West made the presentation speech in the presence of the cabinet and the President's household, and subsequently they all partook of a lunch with the President.

On last Sunday evening while a lot of Germans were seated around a table, in N. Y. city, playing cards, and partaking of refreshments, Augustus Kellman entered, drunk, carrying a loaded rifle. He leveled the piece at the table, shooting dead Andrew Miller.

The colored race is not so easily extinguished, after all. This is particularly the case in Louisiana, where they have increased their numbers in the last three years by an addition of 10,000.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "There were a number of carriages on the street yesterday driven by servants with gilt buttons on their coats; but no arrests were made."

A conflagration at Nashville, on the 18th, destroyed about \$100,000 worth of property, principally factories.

F. A. Bally, a book keeper of Bodin, Lockwood & Co., N. Y., recently defaulted to the amount of \$100,000 and absconded.

The Senate has confirmed E. C. Lewis, of Ill., Agent for the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, and James Durman Receiver of Public Money at Springfield, Mo.

The wife of Francis Bidwell, on the 18th, at Brooklyn, was found dead with her throat cut. Whether suicide or murder, is not known.

The Rev. Dr. David Elliott, Emeritus professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, died on the 18th inst., in the 87th year of his age.

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One Inch—\$1 00
Two Inches—\$2 00
Three Inches—\$3 00
Four Inches—\$4 00
Five Inches—\$5 00
Six Inches—\$6 00
Seven Inches—\$7 00
Eight Inches—\$8 00
Nine Inches—\$9 00
Ten Inches—\$10 00
Eleven Inches—\$11 00
Twelve Inches—\$12 00
One Column—\$15 00
Two Columns—\$25 00
Three Columns—\$35 00
Four Columns—\$45 00
Five Columns—\$55 00
Six Columns—\$65 00
Seven Columns—\$75 00
Eight Columns—\$85 00
Nine Columns—\$95 00
Ten Columns—\$105 00
Eleven Columns—\$115 00
Twelve Columns—\$125 00
Long advertisements at special rates. One square (10 lines of nonpareil space, or less) first insertion \$1.00, each subsequent insertion, 50c.
All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

There are about 1800 granges in Missouri.

In Nodaway county, Mo., many hogs are dying of lung disease. The rewards offered for the Gads Hill train robbers amount to \$17,500. Everything is very favorable for a large fruit crop in Missouri this year.

Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote have been elected to Parliament without opposition.

Geo. R. Downing, agent of Adams Express Co., Providence, R. I., suicided on the 1